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A LITTLE
Young MAN's Compa-
nion,

Or, COMMON ARITHMETIC,
Turned into a SONG,

As far as the Rule of THREE Direct.
Written for the Benefit and Instruction of those who
have not Time to read large Books.

To which is added,

ONE ENIGMA.

A New Song in Praise of LONDON PORTER,
AND
The Wandering BARD's Farewell to OXFORD

By N. WITHEY, of Hagley, in Worcestershire.

The SIXTEENTH EDITION, with Corrections and
Additions.

When Poverty compels the Rustic Bard

To sing or weep, because the Times are hard;

Tis hop'd the learned Critic, great and wise,

Will turn aside his penetrating eyes,

And think it nobler far to overlook,

Than to condemn, my little trifling Book.

The Paths of Fame I leave for him to soar,

While I my Table sing from Door to Door,

In humble Strain, yet as the Moments fly

At the same Instant, sing and multiply,

Regardless of Pedantic Scoffs and Frowns,

Thro' rural Plains and Corporation Towns,

My Muse is gentle, yet not prone to Vice,

My Book's compact, and Threepence is the Price.

LONDON: Printed for the AUTHOR, in the Year 1794.

ARTICLE (2)
~~Young Man's Companion~~
NUMERATION,

To the Tune of—Twain in the Land of Cyder.

DRAW near my little Pupils,
That have any veneration
For the pencil or the pen, twill make you Gentlemen
But first read Numeration.

Learn units, tens, and hundreds,
Thousands, and on to millions,
And by the rule of art, set every six apart,
Till you come on to octillions.

These may suffice at present,
Till you get more tuition,
And when you can with ease numerate as far as these,
You may step into Addition.

ADDITION.

At Addition of whole Numbers,
If you d wish to be clever,

You must write them very fair in the columns of a
And add them all together. (square,

Begin at the right hand, fir,
With the point of your pen,
And as you add them up from the bottom to the top,
Carry one for every ten.

What's above tens goes down, fir,
Or nought if you have none,
But carry on the tens as you work to the left,
Till the business is all done.

And when you've got the total,
Set in its proper station,
You may, fir, at your ease, tell the numbers if you
By the rules of Numeration. [please,

In Addition of Money

You'll find four different stations,
And this sort of Addition goes by the name
Of various denominations.

Add up your farthings first, fir,
Set the odds beneath the score,
But if you've got none there's nothing to go down,
Carry one for every four.

Still add to these the pence, fir,
On the left if you are willing,
And then mind when you be at the top right under D,
That every twelve's a shilling.

The odd pence must go down, fir,
Or nought if you have none,
Or for every twelve that you had in the pence,
You may dot and carry one.

Still add these to the shillings,
That you see under S,
And here you must allow just twenty to the pound,
For they ne'er can be less.

The odd shillings must go down, fir,
Tho' you work as quick as thought;
But if you have got none you must carry on the pounds,
But first set down a nought.

Add all your pounds together,
And be sure you make no blunders,
For you'll find this is no more than what you learnt
In Addition of Whole Numbers. [before,

To prove your work is right, fir,
Conspicuous, clear, and plain,
You have nothing else to do, if same you would pursue,
But to work it over again.

Subtraction of whole Numbers,
I by two lines exprefs,

The upper one is the greatest, fir,
The lower one the less.

Take the lesser from the greater,
There's nothing can be plainer,
And underneath the difference write,
By some call'd the remainder.

When the lowest figure's greatest,
Let this cause you no sorrow,
For in this famous rule, at home or at school,
Ten you're allow'd to borrow.

Add these to the top number,
To make up your compaction,
And from their sum take the lower one away,
For this is call'd Substraction.

Carry one to the next figure,
For fear of a detection,
For he that will not pay, what he borrows by the way,
Lies open to reflection.

When your figures both are equal,
Let not this disturb your thought,
For always in this case, just under the same place,
You must set down a nought.

When the lowest figure is least, fir,
The difference must go down,
And this is the way, if you can leave off your play,
That will lead you to renown.

In Substraction of Money,
At the farthings borrow four,
With the same confidence borrow twelve in the pence,
For it must be no more.

At shillings borrow twenty,
And at pounds you borrow ten,
And for fear of going astray, when you borrow mind
And be careful, gentlemen. (to pay,

Sir, in Multiplication,
Two Numbers understand,
The one is called Multiplier,
T'other Multiplicand.

Multiply them both together,
Two figures at a time,
And for every figure in the multiplier
You must make a different line.

And all these lines together,
Without being equivocal,
And underneath you must set down
Their product, sum, or total.

To prove you've done it truly,
Don't stand as at a loss,
But somewhere with your pencil draw
Two lines that form a cross.

Cast the nine from your Multiplier,
Place the odds on the right hand,
And then be sure you do the same
By the Multiplicand.

Place the odds upon the left, sir,
Multiply them both together,
And set what's above nines on the top of the cross,
Conspicuous, fair, and clever.

Cast the nines out of your product,
And never mind their loss,
But what you have above, be sure and set down
At the bottom of the cross.

If your top and bottom tally,
And are ev'ry way the same,
Sir, you may conclude that your work is right,
Thus you will mount on wings of fame.

The Multiplication Table in a Song.

THREE threes are nine, three fours are twelve,
 Three fives are fifteen sure,
 And three times six are just eighteen,
 And want two of a score;
 Seven times three are twenty-one,
 Three eights are twenty-four,
 And three times nine are twenty-seven,
 Indeed they are no more.
 Four fours were sixteen pretty girls,
 Who liv'd near Hagley Park,
 And four times five were twenty blades
 Who met them in the dark;
 And four times six were twenty-four
 Of women old and grey,
 And four times seven were twenty-eight
 Of maids that went astray.
 Now four times eight are thirty-two,
 Four nines are thirty-six,
 And five times five were twenty-five
 Incl'n'd to knavish tricks;
 And five times six were thirty boys
 Who lost their time at play,
 And five times seven were thirty-five
 Of farmers cloath'd in grey.
 Now five times eight were forty Scots
 Who came from Aberdeen,
 And five times nine were forty-five,
 Which gave them all the spleen;
 And six times six were thirty-six
 Fine ladies all in blue,
 And all must own that seven times six
 Will make but forty-two

Now six times eight were forty-eight
 Of famous London dames,
 And six times nine were fifty-four
 Who durst not tell their names;
 And seven times seven were forty-nine
 Stout failors, bold and true,
 And seven times eight were fifty-six
 Belonging to the crew.
 Now seven times nine are sixty-three,
 According to this rule,
 And eight times eight were sixty-four
 Who staid away from school;
 And eight times nine were seventy-two
 That from it would not stay,
 But nine times nine were eighty one
 Who did not like to play.
 So now, brave boys, with cheerful mind
 Let ev'ry one take care
 To add, subtract, and multiply,
 And the dividend to share;
 The quotient properly to place,
 And give each man his due,
 Which by the divisor multiply'd,
 Will prove if all is true.

But now I'll sing Division,
 As taught by Mr. POTIENT,
 Or of the divisor, dividend,
 Remainder, and the quotient.
 " Here first I ask, how oft, sir,
 " While quotient answer make,
 " Next multiply, and then subtract,
 " And new dividial take."
 Then ask how oft' again, sir,
 And thus I still go on,

Till my quotient's made, and my dividend

Is brought down one by one.

If still there's a remainder,

And I was your adviser,

I would place in Vulgar Fraction wise

On the top of the divisor.

On the right hand of your quotient,

You may write it true and fair,

That ev'ry man may see his part,

And know his proper share.

If still you thirst for knowledge,

And cover to be wiser,

Your quotient must be multiply'd

Fairly by your divisor.

To the product add the remainder,

And you're surely right, if then,

In ev'ry figure it does agree

With your former dividend.

So now I'll sing reduction,

As taught by Mr. Billings,

Your pounds by twenty multiply,

'Twill reduce them all to shillings;

These multiply'd by twelve; fir,

And that product by four,

Will bring them into farthings straight,

And they need be brought no lower.

To bring these to pounds again, fir,

In right method I will fix ye,

You may divide them presently,

By nine hundred and sixty.

Your quotient will be pounds, fir,

So you need not complain,

For this is a proof of what you did before,

And you've got your pounds again.

The RULE of THREE,

THE Golden Rule has always been
 Compos'd of numbers three,
 These stated right will find a fourth,
 Shall in proportion be ;
 The fourth and second brothers are,
 Believe me on my word,
 Either men, money, et cetera,
 So are the first and third.
 Multiply the second by the third,
 And write their product fair,
 And then divide it by the first,
 With diligence and care ;
 Their quotient is the answer then,
 And as such it will agree,
 For 'tis the number call'd the fourth,
 Produc'd by t'other three.
 To prove it, I will tell you how,
 With pencil, pen, or feather,
 For you must multiply the first
 And fourth numbers together ;
 And if their product is the same
 With the second and the third,
 You may conclude your work is right,
 Believe me on my word.
 This by example I will prove,
 Suppose that two is three,
 I beg you'll tell by the same rule
 What five will come to be ;
 You'll find it seven and a half,
 As plainly may be seen,
 And this answer multiply'd by two,
 Will turn out just fifteen.

This is the rule that gunners use,
 With diligence and care,
 To throw their bombs to any spot,
 Or mount them in the air;
 By it ten thousand things are done,
 Ten thousand different ways,
 And he that learns it perfectly
 Wil merit fame and praise.

An E N I G M A.

READER look round and strive to comprehend
 My proper name, for I'm a steady friend.
 Sometimes I 'fright the daring and the bold,
 I'm sometimes hot, and sometimes very cold;
 Such fickle tempers hover round about me,
 Yet all mankind would be undone without me.
 I was with Adam before Eve or Cain,
 And with old Noah, dripping in the rain,
 I did not go along with Saul to Endor,
 But was with Charles, who fought the Turks at Bender.
 I've no compassion, pity, or esteem,
 But serve a Trollop as I do the Queen.
 I fill prodigious space and tractless way,
 And all the beauties of the world display.
 I've but one sister, yet we can't agree,
 She's so unkind she'll never stay with me,
 But always flies me, yet I feel no grief,
 She'll screen a rogue, and hide a bloody thief.
 She favours all the base of either sex,
 And suffers honest men to break their necks;
 From tricks like these I often do her chace,
 Nor dare she ever look me in the face.
 Say where I rule, and where my sister reigns,
 And you shall have an apple for your pains.

LONDON PORTER.

A SONG.

BE silent all ye Muses shy,
 On top of Mount Parnassus,
 No longer on you I'll rely,
 Nor put no faith in Bacchus ;
 There was no porter at the time
 That bully us'd to hector
 But now you see, as well as me,
 Tis preferable to nectar.

See how it smiles upon the top,
 Venus had no such beauty,
 Tis flavour'd nicely with the hop,
 To drink it is my duty ;
 It turns the most obdurate wretch,
 Whom you would deem quite stupid,
 To love the condescending fair,
 And wounds more hearts than Cupid.

Could I but metamorphose things,
 By secret magic power,
 I'd fix myself upon the wharf,
 Right opposite the Tower ;
 The Thames I would to porter turn,
 The ships to mighty barrels,
 That we might swill, and drink and fill,
 And shun all future quarrels.

The scullers and salt water men,
 Shou'd serve me without charges,
 Their little boats to keg's I'd turn,
 Make hogheads of their barges;
 Then lay in store along the shore,
 That widows, wives and sages,
 Might have enough of this good stuff,
 To serve through future ages.

No fly exciseman should draw near,
 With his unhallow'd measure,
 Nor dare to dip his dirty stick
 In such delicious treasure;
 If he'd begin we'd shoot him in,
 Like an arrow from a quiver,
 From off the brink then let him sink,
 To the bottom of the river.

But since I find this cannot be,
 I'd wish to be a brewer,
 Surrounded by a thousand butts,
 Quite full and made secure;
 On Bacchus then I'd look with scorn,
 And all such vain alliance,
 I'd drink the drunken German dead,
 And bid the Dutch defiance.

A gin drinker I quite detest,
 She's worse than Tristram Shandy,
 And so is she who pawns her vest,
 For either rum or brandy;
 She's three parts dead before she's wed,
 So never seek to court her
 That will not suck, as well as you,
 At a full pot of porter.

It makes the landlord very fat,
 'Tis better far than jelly.
 As you may see, by looking at
 His corporation belly ;
 See how his guts jut out before,
 Whilst we are his supporter,
 But they would flag, like empty bag,
 If not supply'd with porter.

It makes the chairmen step alert,
 Thro' alleys, lanes, and cloysters,
 I knew it clear a female's voice,
 Who us'd to deal in oysters,
 As she past by, her melody,
 So musical and mellow,
 Made me to stare like a March hare,
 Or sheep fac'd country fellow.

I ask'd her if she'd drink a pot,
 For I'd a mind to court her,
 I said, my dear, let's step in here,
 They sell delicious porter ;
 She gave consent, so in we went,
 And strait sat down to guzzle,
 You'd smile to see, how willingly
 She liquify'd her muzzle.

What we did there I dare not write,
 For fear the world should chide her,
 She wink'd and twink'd, and then she drink'd,
 While I sat close beside her ;
 She was not shy, neither was I,
 Nor need I to compel her,
 Like a free heart she drank her part,
 And swore she'd drain the cellar.

It paints the pious parson's face,
 Tho' he's a man in orders,
 It beats the doctor's recipe,
 In many cold disorders;
 It comforts and revives the heart,
 And fills the mind with vigour,
 No city can like London boast
 Of such delicious liquor.

So here's a health to George our King,
 To Prince, Duke, Lord, and Squire,
 I think my jorum is not full,
 Fill it a little higher;
 See where it goes beneath my nose,
 And gargles down my guggle,
 So whilst we sing God save the King,
 Let's wash away all trouble.

The Wandering BARD's leaving Oxford.

June 1, 1794.---Tune---Farewel to Lochabar;

YE Muses remember, I am troubl'd in mind,
 To leave such a city as Oxford behind,
 It is with reluctance that from it I part,
 It's fine situation has ravish'd my heart;

Tis the seat of the learned, the great, and the wise,
 Where art seems to flourish, and science to rise,
 Bright fame needs no trumpeter to warble its praise,
 It spreads thro' the universe myriads of ways.

Old Time that devours strong castles and towns,
 Large provinces, empires, kingdoms, and crowns,
 Does still seem at Oxford to lend them a hand,
 To make all their structures more noble and grand;
 The bridge o'er the Cherwell proves this to be true,
 With many more buildings entirely new,
 Shew that architecture will never decline,
 While genius or learning can plan or design.

No city in Britain has wholesomer air,
 No poets more famous, nor ladies more fair,
 No paintings so clever, nor libraries grand,
 Sure these are an ornament to all the land;
 But now I must leave it, this causes my pain,
 I fear I shall ne'er be so happy again,
 The walks and the bowers I visit no more,
 Nor sit in their shade, all that pleasure is o'er.

At New College Chapel no longer I view
 Historical paintings, both antient and new,
 Sure the Western window, exquisitely grand,
 Does honour to Jarvois's masterly hand;
 I own that it struck me with awful surprise,
 And shone with such splendour it dazzl'd my eyes,
 Fame certainly here gave the pencil a touch,
 For there is no poet can praise it too much.

If any one doubts it, let him go and see,
 I own such a task too intricate for me,

So rise, ye Oxonians, 'tis you I'd have try,
 And do not let painters the poets outvie,
 Step on before Jarvois, and don't let him soar,
 For fear that you should overtake him no more,
 Invoke all the Muses to polish your strain,
 That poets may rank with the painters again.

Adieu to the Isis, so rapid and strong,
 No more thy sweet banks will re-echo my song,
 Likewise to the Cherwell, to lift up my theme,
 Who loses her name in the midst of thy stream;
 Likewise to thy brink, where I oft did repair,
 To read and to angle, and drive away care.
 And to each meander that's down a long shore,
 Because I'm afraid I shall see them no more.

Farewel all ye scholars and men of bright parts,
 From the lowest degree to the master of arts,
 At my humble tribute pray do not complain,
 Because I shall never disturb you again;
 The Muse has deserted, and silenc'd my pen,
 I bow, in due order, to you gentlemen,
 And tho' I can't leave you without shedding of tear,
 I wish you good health for a number of years.

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F I N I S.

